

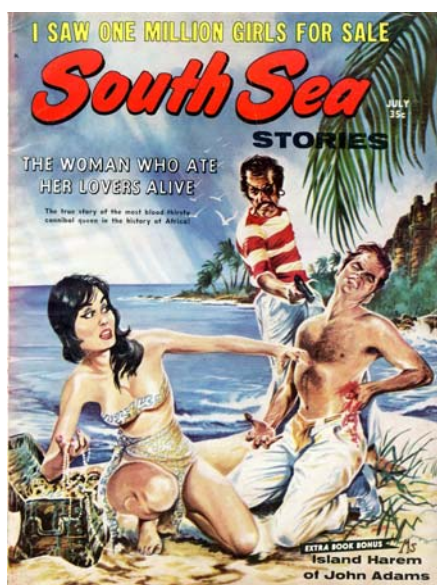
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"I Watched a Head-Shrinking Orgy"

by Jane "Jungle Jane" Dolinger

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Adventurous Jane has also tried hand at bull fighting.

The Witch Doctor Took Five Days to Shrink the Girl's Head. Then the Orgy Started

I Watched A Head-Shrinking Orgy

Jane and guide Taisha examine freshly severed head of Jivaro girl which was shrunken to size of orange in 5-day ritual.





Jane shot "still life" of shrunken heads in Jivaro village in southern Ecuador. Second, 3rd heads from left were white men.

By JANE DOLINGER

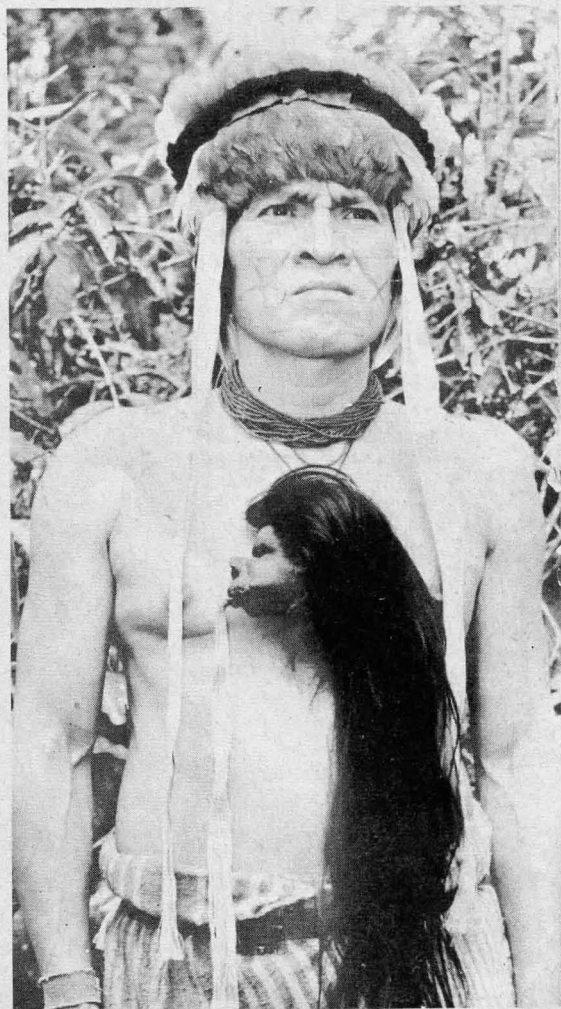
• • THE Jivaro witch doctor, or *tiwipa*, knelt rigidly in front of the fire, over which a large blackened clay pot was suspended. He was short, squat, powerfully built, and wore only a narrow crown of red and white feathers and a soiled striped *itipi*, or wrap-around skirt, that ended just below his bony knees. With arms outstretched, his sightless eyes staring into space, the *tiwipa* began a weird, mournful chant in a high falsetto voice. This not only sent terror into the hearts of the twenty or more Jivaros who witnessed the secret head-shrinking ceremony, but drove the savage jungle dogs into frenzied spasms of barking and baying.

I glanced at my watch. It was just a little after 6 in the morning, but even at this early hour the sun was already sizzling hot, sending tiny rivulets of grimy perspiration coursing down the witch doctor's face and naked body.

We were gathered in a small jungle clearing not too far from the Rio Santiago in the mountainous Jivaro country of south-central Ecuador. Directly opposite from where I was sitting under the brilliant green leaves of a banana tree was a large straw-thatched oval-shaped *jivaria*, or community dwelling, enclosed on all sides with vertical strips of bamboo. It had only one door, around which were gathered a small group of Jivaro women and naked children. Head-shrinking was a man's work and only the warriors were allowed to come close as the witch doctor prepared to enter into this ancient Jivaro rite, a ritual based on countless generations of pagan superstition.

On either side of me were my two Jivaro companions and guides, Taisha and Zutanqui, who had accompanied me on the five-day walk over torturous jungle trails from the Catholic Jivaro mission at Sevilla to this remote community near the Peruvian border. The good padres at the mission had assured me that Taisha and his wife Zutanqui were trustworthy and at least partially civilized. But now as I watched the excitement mount in their fevered eyes I felt that they, too, had come under the spell of the witch doctor and that any traces of civilization they might have possessed at one time had completely vanished.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the group of warriors standing in a tight circle behind the *tiwipa*. At a signal, possibly in response to the words the witch doctor was



Jivaro warrior who cooked head poses with grizzly trophy. It belonged to 15-year-old.

HEAD-SHRINKING ORGY

intoning, one of the younger men, his cruel, savage face freshly painted with red and green lines, carried a small palm-woven basket over to where the witch doctor knelt and placed it carefully on the ground just to the right of the *tiwipa's* outstretched arms.

A strange hush fell over the Jivaros. Now all eyes were focused on the basket. The witch doctor's chant became a frenzied shriek and ended on a high discordant note. My heart pounded furiously and I tensed as I saw the *tiwipa's* hand snake into the open basket and bring out the bloody head. Standing, he held it high, so that all could see. It was the head of a girl—a young girl about 15 years of age. She had long blue-black hair and the color of her skin had turned a sickening white. Her eyes were closed and her pale lips were slightly parted. Dirt and coagulated blood covered the neck where it had been severed from the body. It was the most gruesome and yet strangely fascinating sight I had witnessed during the past year in the Greater Amazon Basin.

Tearing my eyes away for just a moment I looked around. All the Jivaros stood at rapt attention, their faces aglow with excitement and blood lust. Occasionally their eyes shifted to me and subconsciously I put my hand to my neck. I was a white girl in the land of the savage Jivaros, tolerated only because of my Jivaro companions, but definitely unwelcome. I had been warned that these Indians were unpredictable, especially during their head-shrinking orgies, and that on occasion they weren't satisfied with the shrinking of just one head, but had deliberately murdered strangers so that their quota of heads could be increased. This was a propitious moment for a double-header, and I realized only too well that it would be a very simple matter to make me their second victim.

Fortunately, at this moment the young warrior who had carried the basket to the scene of the ritual became the center of attention as he took the head from the witch doctor and, holding it by the long black hair, plunged it into the pot of boiling water. There was an ominous hiss as the head bobbed and bounced around vigorously.

This was the moment I had been waiting for. I was about to witness the secret rites and ceremony surrounding the shrinking of a human head. To the best of my knowledge I was the first white girl ever afforded this dubious privilege.

At the age of 22 I was already a seasoned explorer. Not that I had planned it that way. But for the grace of God and a cleverly-written help-wanted ad in a Miami newspaper, I probably would still be one of the army of discontented secretaries, stifled with boredom and lost in the endless labyrinth of office routine.

It was one of those advertisements every working girl dreams about. Terse but tantalizing, it read:

AUTHOR needs adventure-loving Girl Friday.

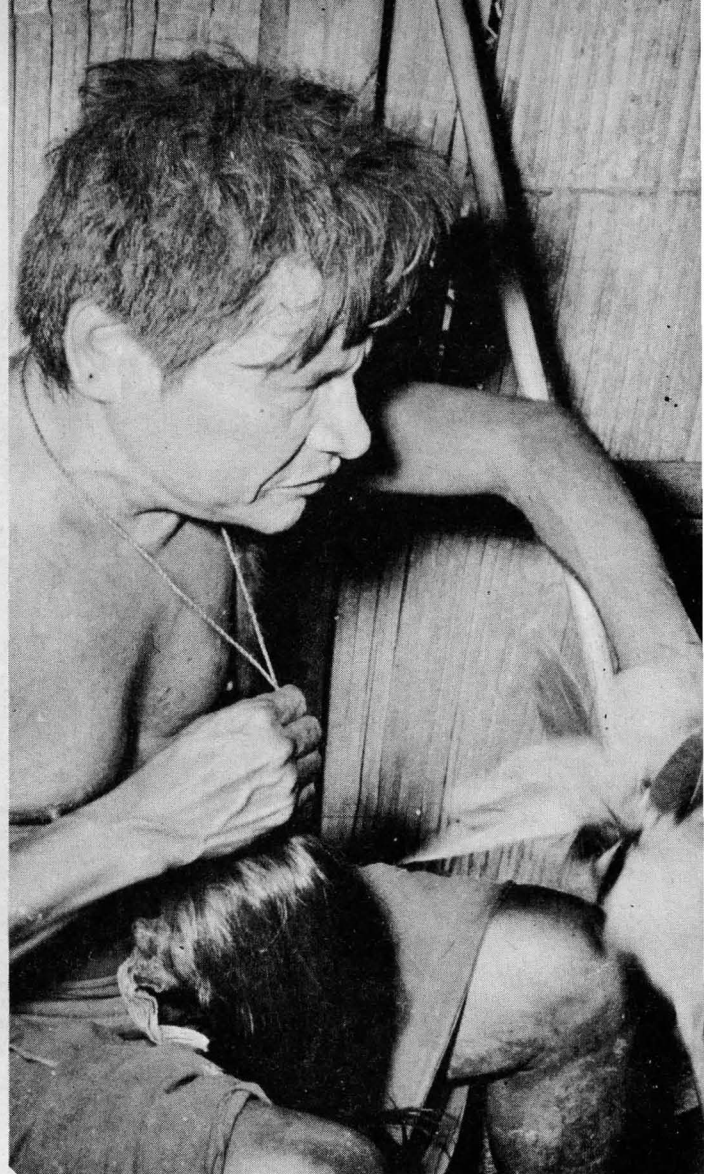
Must be free to travel. Excellent pay. Reply

Box M-569, giving full particulars.

Of course, I answered it, just like a thousand other girls who, like myself, had visions of living on the Riviera, basking on the beach in Rio, or perhaps, like Hemingway, spending gay Sunday afternoons at the *Plaza de Toros in Madrid*.

So I piled my dreams and inhibitions into a giant rocket and lit the fuse. That's how it all began.

The Mediterranean? Rio? Madrid? No such luck. My new boss was an adventure writer and spent most of his time in the little-explored jungles of the Amazon Basin. From the quiet tranquility of beautiful Miami I was suddenly thrust into a land of crocodiles, mosquitoes and snakes.



Blind witch doctor goes into trance, waves leaves across shrunken head. His chants drive the natives into a frenzy.

There were three of us on that fateful year-long trip up the Ucayali River and into the Gran Pajonal of Peru—Ken Krippene, a former Chicago lawyer-turned-author; Bob Farrier, a professional cameraman, and me—the “adventure-loving Girl Friday!”

At first I hated every moment of it. The rivers were treacherous and the banks were lined with hundreds of huge black crocodiles, any one of which could have tipped over our small canoe. At sunset clouds of vicious mosquitoes forced us to leave the river and seek shelter at the nearest Indian village where, after a hasty meal of fried bananas and yuca, we erected our mosquito nets in the large palm-thatched hut and slept on the wood floor. What I hated most was the complete lack of privacy. Sanitary conveniences consisted of bathing and washing in the river and hiding behind the nearest bush whenever Nature called. But even this was not as simple as it sounds, as deadly little snakes also had a way of hiding under the same bushes.

Of course, Nature compensated in other ways. There were beautiful flowers of every variety and color, the most common being orchids—pale lavender, snow-white and velvety black. Hundreds of brightly-feathered tropical birds put the

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This Jivaro warrior wears necklace of unused flash bulbs, which Jane gave him in return for shrunken head he holds.



While Jivaro mother watches, Jane prepares for bed. Huts sleep 20 or more; there's fire at foot of each bed.

Jane is believed to be first white woman to ever witness a Jivaro head-shrinking orgy.

When the guests arrived it seemed that Lady Forsythe had decided to make amends for her dislike of things Celtic. Her servants, summoned from their quarters after M'Bopo-Simba was no longer recognizable as a human being, were dressed in highland regalia. The place cards bore the clan colors of her distinguished guests.

The soup was served. Sir Cedric was proud of that soup. It was a sort of Scotch broth made from the tripe and bone marrow of M'Bopo-Simba. The assorted Celts sipped it with delight.

With a wicked gleam in her eye Lady Pamela had the haggis served. Those who were a bit too far removed from the west highlands to go for stuffed stomach were served their choice of steaks, chops or roast. Naturally people began to ask what this delicious meat was.

Lady Pamela asked them to guess. She refused to tell until the meal was over. If there was a strange gleam in her eye, the guests failed to note it. Major Campbell of the Black Watch was sure it was wild boar. He'd hunted pig in India and was certain he knew the gamey taste of the stringy mountain boar. He added it seemed to have been flavored with rum.

Sir Colin Moorheart was just as certain the meat was wild kangaroo. He'd eaten it once in Australia and swore he'd never forget the taste.

Mrs. Smythe-Heatherstone looked dismayed. She didn't really relish the thought of eating kangaroo. She vaguely remembered reading somewhere they were related to the rat.

Lady Pamela reassured the more squeamish of her guests. She could promise them it was nothing so exotic as kangaroo. It was, she laughingly said, an animal they were all quite familiar with. In fact, she added with a grim smile, it was an old stand-by in the British Isles. Their ancestors, she said, had been rather fond of this type of meat.

Mrs. Stuart-Gordon turned pale. A horrible thought crossed her mind. But then she looked at the guests and Lady Pamela and shrugged it off. Lady Pamela wouldn't dare!

A few of the guests started dabbling listlessly at their food. Wasn't there some sort of rumor that the old Celts had eaten rather odd dishes, like ponies, sea gulls and all that?

Lady Pamela saw they weren't going to eat any more until she told them—so she did. "It's a dish one of our chaps from South Africa sent," she said. "Umtetwa Zulu."

Sir Colin Moorheart picked at his pot roast. "Umtetwa, eh? I was certain it was kangaroo. Delicious!" He started to put a forkful in his

mouth when a look of sudden horror crossed his face. "Did you say Zulu?"

"Yes, Sir Colin."

"Oh!" Sir Colin put his fork down. A glassy stare crossed his face and he turned a sickly shade of green. He hurriedly left the table without excusing himself and from the vestibule came the unmistakable sound of someone being very sick.

Major Campbell was not so rude. The veteran of twelve years on India's northwest frontier simply fainted. He was joined on the floor by Lady Smythe-Heatherstone. Mrs. Stuart-Gordon wasn't able to faint. She went into screaming hysteria. It took three weeks and enough morphine to start a drug ring to calm her down.

The rest of the guests behaved more or less in these three different ways. Either they passed out cold, threw up, or went into hysteria.

Sir Colin was the first to recover. He staggered to the street and called the police. The police, naturally enough, thought he was drunk or crazy. But the next morning the garbage collector found a human head and assorted bones in Lady Forsythe's garbage cans. Scotland Yard decided they'd better have a look into Lady Pamela's dinner.

There wasn't much to investigate. Lady Pamela admitted she'd cooked and served the body of M'Bopo-Simba from South Africa. Then she asked them what they were going to do about it.

The perplexed officials had to think that one over. Lady Pamela was too powerful to slam into jail while they investigated. The best legal minds of the Yard were called in for consultation. The statute books were dusted off and reread while the policemen tried to figure out what they could charge her with. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that Lady Pamela was overdue for hanging. There was only one thing wrong. They couldn't touch her.

The body had been legally obtained. It had been shipped to England as an anatomical specimen. It could be shown that Lady Pamela had bought the cadaver from its rightful owners. And just what is the limit one can go with an anatomical specimen?

Medical students regularly cut up the corpses of assorted drifters and vagabonds. So Lady Pamela hadn't broken a single law in bringing the dead Zulu into her home and slicing him up on the kitchen table. As for having served him for dinner—even that was no crime, at least it wasn't then, in the early 1900's.

The British had never thought to pass a law against cannibalism. But after Lady Pamela's dinner they got right to work on one!

THE END

I WATCHED A HEAD-SHRINKING ORGY

(Continued from page 43)

rainbow to shame.

After a few months I finally discovered the beauty and peace of this unknown paradise.

I was deathly afraid of the savage Indians, but as time passed I realized that they actually lived a happy and serene life, so different from the hustle and bustle of the existence I was used to in the States.

We met and lived with many fascinating and unusual tribes. Basically they were much the same, the difference being in their customs. Small in stature, the men wore homespun dark trousers with loose-fitting shirts decorated with multi-colored hand-woven designs. They covered their heads with squares of white cloth. The women had long black hair with bangs that reached down to their eyes. Their hand-woven, loose-fitting blouses were made of jungle cotton and colorfully dyed. Their knee-length skirts were hand-loomed and interwoven with beautiful designs. The tops of their skirts were turned down, exposing their navels. They painted their faces in the most intricate manner and wore orange-colored lip rouge which was made from the *achiote*, a jungle berry. Many of them dyed their fingers and toes a jet black. As an added adornment they wore silver disks, about the size of a nickel, in their noses.

SEVEN minutes had passed since the head had been placed in the pot of boiling water. The picture remained unchanged. Squatting near the fire was the young warrior, Sharupi, and the witch doctor. Behind and to either side of them, standing alert, their eyes focused on the boiled head, were small clusters of Jivaro men. The women and children watched intently, still clustered around the open door of the *jivaria*. A death-like stillness permeated the air, and from where I stood I could see the head bobbing and weaving in the huge pot. A strong odor of cooked flesh assailed my nostrils. It was a ghastly sight and thoroughly nauseating.

Exactly twenty-five minutes had now elapsed since the severed head of the young Jivaro girl had first been placed in the pot of boiling water. I watched Sharupi jump to his feet and with the aid of a small stick lift the head out of the water. The skin was now grayish in color, but otherwise the face still held all

of its original characteristics. Grasping the head by the hair, Sharupi walked ten paces in my direction, where fresh banana leaves had been spread on the ground. As soon as the head had cooled sufficiently, he squatted over the gruesome object and, taking his machete, made an incision from the top of the skull to the back of the neck. He then placed the head in his lap and widened the incision.

At this point another Jivaro warrior brought Sharupi a thin piece of bamboo fashioned in the shape of a spatula and he began to free the hair and skin from the skull. As Sharupi worked, the whitened skull became more apparent as the flesh separated from the bone. He worked the spatula down over the forehead, the cheek bones, and across the bridge of the nose, always careful that the skin of the victim remained intact and unbroken.

While he worked other Jivaros removed the pot of boiling water. As the fire was rekindled huge vessels filled with a fine white sand were placed over the burning embers. It was now nearly one o'clock in the afternoon but no one had moved or left the spot. This was the most sacred of all Jivaro rituals and according to the witch doctor great calamities would befall any Jivaro who didn't attend the ritual and enter into the spirit of the occasion.

With a final flourish Sharupi completed his gruesome task of separating the flesh of his victim from the skull. Rising, he tossed the white skull into some low bushes which fringed the edge of the jungle. The head he held in his left hand seemed soft and pliable and looked like nothing more than an old rubber mask. He resumed his position on the banana leaves and one of the men came hurrying forward with a needle carved from a piece of bone, together with a long piece of strong twine from jungle fibers.

In just a few moments Sharupi sewed together the original incision on the back of the head and also stitched the lips together. Another Jivaro brought a small gourd filled with charcoal, which Sharupi applied to the skin with his fingertips. This was the most crucial moment of the entire ritual. According to the Jivaros, the spirit of the dead person was still within the head and should it escape, it would forever haunt and bring disaster upon every member of the head-shrinker's family. By blackening the face and sealing the mouth, the spirit inside the head remained powerless.

Other Jivaro men carried large gourds of hot white sand to Sharupi, who began filling the cavity of the victim's head by pouring the

sand into the opening at the neck. The contact of the sand with the flesh made a sizzling sound exactly like that of frying sausages, and small clouds of smoke rose each time the head was refilled.

As sundown the weary head-shrinker slowly got to his feet and held the head high so that all could see it. The face was now coal-black and had been reduced slightly in size. The long black hair had dried from the heat of the sand. As Sharupi turned the head in my direction I saw that the cartilage in the nose had been removed, leaving only a dark hole. Otherwise the features still retained a human-like quality.

With Sharupi leading the way, we all walked into the *jivaria*, where the women were preparing the evening meal.

The interior of the *jivaria* consisted of one large room. Around its bamboo walls were twenty or more narrow beds made from *canabrava*, a wild jungle grass which resembles bamboo. The beds were elevated at the head and slanted downward. At the foot of each bed was a fire, a strange Jivaro custom practiced by no other tribe. As a result, the room was filled with smoke, the only outlet being a small opening between the straw-thatched roof and the bamboo walls. Polygamy was a common practice and

many of the Jivaro men had three or more wives, some of them not over 6 or 7 years of age.

As a tribe the Jivaros were among the dirtiest of all Indians. They rarely bathed and their heads were infested with vermin. None of the Jivaros ever thought of disrobing at night, but slept in the same soiled clothes they wore the year around. Sleep, however, was next to impossible with the continuous barking of a dozen or more wild dogs, the squalling of children and the snores of the adults.

Everyone was up before dawn and after a breakfast of the inevitable fried bananas and soggy rice we filed out of the hut to watch the second day's ceremony. Fires under the sand had been kept burning throughout the night and Sharupi, together with the witch doctor, went back to his position on the banana mat, where the shrinking of the head continued. All day fresh hot sand was poured into the head, emptied, and then refilled. Occasionally Sharupi wiped off the oils which accumulated on the face and applied fresh charcoal to the already blackened skin.

At the end of the second day the head had been reduced to the size of a cantaloupe.

On the third, fourth and fifth days the head-shrinking process was repeated. It was obvious that



"See what I mean? There's something wrong with the firing pin." 71

the head was becoming smaller and smaller, but not until the fifth day was Sharupi satisfied with its size. It was now no larger than an orange. Its black hair seemed even longer because of the reduction in head size and its skin was now as hard as leather. The eyebrows completely covered the narrow slits which had once been eyes.

We followed Sharupi into the hut, where he tied the head to the foot of his bed. That night the Jivaros would indulge in a wild drunken orgy in celebration of their victory over the captured spirit, now locked forever within the narrow confines of the shrunken head. According to Taisha, my guide, the orgy would continue for three days and he suggested we leave early the next morning, as anything could happen.

But I wanted to witness the celebration, no matter what the consequences were. Taisha shook his head in dumb amazement, but finally he turned and quickly scanned the trees. He found one to his liking and told me that if I insisted on staying I would have to hide in the tree where no one would see me. I felt he was exaggerating the danger but in order to placate him I let him boost me up the trunk to where I could grab a limb and find a branch I could straddle. By tearing away a few leaves I had a perfect view of the clearing and the hut; yet the foliage was so thick that no one could possibly see me from the ground.

I started to ask Taisha how long I would have to wait before something happened when suddenly I heard the wild shrieking of women and seconds later the door of the hut burst open and all hell broke loose. I looked for Taisha but he had silently disappeared. At this moment a full moon—more red than yellow—appeared over the horizon, flooding the entire jungle in an eerie red glow. Into this unearthly nightmare of color came the principal actors—twenty or thirty drunken Jivaro men and women, many of them carrying gourds filled with their potent beer. They staggered and lurched about, stopping now and then to emit savage screams that sent shivers up my spine. Then I heard music—the beat of drums and the weird piping of bamboo flutes—and Sharupi came slowly out of the hut, the shrunken head held high in his left hand. Reaching the center of the clearing, he placed the head on a slender pole. The musicians now took their places in a circle around the pole and the beat of the drums stepped up in tempo.

The Jivaros formed a long, irregular line. Heading the procession was Sharupi, after him a woman, then another man and another woman, and so on down the length of the line, each with his arms

tightly encircling the chest of the one in front of him. With body touching body they picked up the tempo of the music and began their famous dance of the shrunken head.

The dance consisted of two hops forward and two hops backward as the line slowly moved forward in a circle around the head. Now and then there was a halt as the gourds were quickly refilled. The women shrieked in ecstasy and the men groaned with desire.

I was petrified with fear, thinking that any moment my hiding place might be discovered. I held my breath and shrank back into the shadows. Then, at a certain point in the dance, I heard a tearing of garments. In just a matter of seconds every person was stark naked. Hands now strayed promiscuously. The orgy was reaching its climax. Suddenly I saw one couple break away, stagger a few feet and fall to the ground, arms interlocked. Others followed suit and very quickly the orgy turned into a wild debauchery.

Now I realized why Taisha had been so anxious for me to leave the village. I had no doubt that if my hiding place were discovered I would become a victim of the Jivaros' sadistic lusts.

The moon rose higher and the orgy continued, but soon most of the revelers lay unconscious or asleep.

Suddenly I heard a whisper. It startled me so, I almost fell from my hiding place. Had I been discovered? I peered down through the leaves and saw Taisha and Zutankui. Their eyes were big with fright. Taisha motioned for me to come down. Reaching the ground, I saw that they had my small bag and camera equipment.

Taisha put his mouth close to my ear and whispered: *Vamos! Vamos!* (Let's go!)

I was more than willing.

We melted into the deep shadows and hurriedly left the village.

All that night we walked on the moon-drenched trail, none of us stopping for a much-needed rest. It had been a horrible and unforgettable experience. As dawn broke we finally stopped and ate a quick breakfast.

I couldn't tear my thoughts away from the harrowing excitement of the Jivaro orgy. I looked across the smoldering fire at Taisha and wondered if he knew that during the night I had seen his wife, Zutankui, in the line of dancers and later lying on the ground with her arms wrapped around a naked Jivaro. I had no intention of telling him, however. Suppose he just happened to be a jealous savage and took off after her head. I had no desire to witness another head-shrinking orgy then—or ever again. **THE END**

WHITE KING OF THE AMAZON SORCERERS

(Continued from page 45)

walnut shaped like a pear, and coal-black and very shiny.

"Ever see one of these before?" I asked.

A prominent mining engineer came over, took the gleaming gem from me, and rolled it around in his fingers. "It's a tektite," he said. "First one I've ever seen. Worth five times its weight in diamonds. Supposed to have supernatural powers. Where did you get it, anyway?"

That really pepped up the conversation. I told how I had acquired the tektite and admitted that, yes, there had been some odd happenings since I'd gotten it. I seemed to have acquired powers of telepathy and clairvoyance. I sensed in advance, for instance, when a plane was going to appear in the sky and from what direction and even the make and ownership of the plane. One night I'd dreamed of a big fire in Chicago. It had actually occurred at the time I was dreaming it. I knew beforehand when my phone was going to ring and who would be calling me. Sometimes I could read thoughts.

I told the engineer: "You're thinking that maybe there are tektites in the Heilgherry Hills of southern India, although I've never heard of those hills before."

He gasped, then nodded. "Yes, that is what I was thinking," he admitted. He gazed at the tektite. "Maybe these things have some odd powers after all."

Curiously, nobody laughed.

"They're radioactive, you know," he went on. I hadn't known. "Maybe they create some psychic effect like the glittering objects used by hypnotists and mediums. Improve concentration. Increase psychic sensitivity. It could be.

"Do you know," the engineer continued, "that Tibetan lamas actually worship people who own tektites? Here's another strange fact. There are quite a few tektites in India. Several of the maharajahs own them. Where did they come from? I think," he said slowly, "from the isolated Heilgherry Hills. Why? Because a tribe of sorcerers lives there, and their magic is greater than anything the lamas ever had. That's the legend, anyway."

Tektites create sorcerers, sorcerers own tektites, I thought. There are tektites in India and sorcerers in those hills, so the tektites must come from the hills.

And that's why I trèkked half-way around the world—to see if